

THE PRODIGAL SON IN 'F'

Feeling footloose and frisky, a feather-brained fellow forced his father to fork over his farthings. He flew far to foreign fields and frittered his fortune, feasting fabulously with faithless friends.

Finally, facing famine and fleeced by his fellows in folly, he found himself a freed flinger in a filthy farmyard. Fairly famishing, he fain would have filled his frame with foraged food from the fodder fragments. "Fooey, my father's flunkies fare far fancier," the frazzled fugitive fumed feverishly, facing the facts.

Frustrated by failure and filled with foreboding, he fled forthwith to his family, falling at his father's feet, he floundered forlornly, "Father, I have flunked and fruitlessly forfeited family favor." But the faithful father, forestalling further flinching, frantically flagged the flunkies to fetch forth the finest fatling and fix a feast.

The fugitive's fault-finding frater frowned on the fickle forgiveness of the former folderol. He fury flashed but fussing was futile. The far-sighted father figured, "Such filial fidelity is fine, but what forbids fervent festivity for the fugitive that is found. Unfurl the flags with flaring, let fun and frolic freely flow. Former failure is forgotten, folly is forsaken. Forgiveness forms the foundation for future fortune."